

## THE

## OTHER PRESS

October 19th, 1984

2nd class mail registration pending

Volume 17 Issue 4

## DC students graduate!

Fall graduation ceremonies were held last Thursday, October 11th in the Performance Theatre. Approximately 104 of the 235 students graduating

by KATHY NICHOLS

were on hand to receive their awards.

Gerry Trerise, the Chairman of the Douglas College Board, presented the opening and closing remarks. President Bill Day and student society president Jesse Sedhu addressed the assembled graduates.

Remarks on behalf of the graduating class were presented by Audrey Lynn Stock, a music student. Her valedictorian speech covered the high (and some low) points of her time here at the college.

In the long-winded main graduation speech the mayor of Pitt Meadows, Mr. D. Sharpe, stressed the need for

communication between the municipalities and the college. He stated that "New Westminster is one of his favorite places" and he hoped that it would always be here.

In the academic area, 24 students received certificates in academic studies, criminal justice and basic musicianship, and associates in arts, criminology and general studies.

In the applied programs area, 211 students received certificates, associates and/or citations. Applied programs include commerce and business administration, construction management, musical instrument repair, nursing, counselling, early childhood education, mental retardation, and therapeutic recreation.

The largest group received an Associate in General Nursing. This group included over half of the total number of students graduating.

## Student killed at party

The death of an 18-year-old man following a rowdy university residence party has prompted the administration at the University of Saskatchewan to

died at the university hospital shortly before noon. Some residents say the body was covered in mustard, whipped cream and residue from a fire extinguisher.

Saskatoon police confirmed that the body was covered in a "white foamy substance" and say they suspect foul play. Alcohol played a large part in the man's death, according to police. They have questioned numerous people already.

"I'm sure somebody knows something but we haven't talked to anyone who does yet," police inspector Grabowski said.

Residence manager Neil Nickel said Reineke did not likely fall into the

## SASKATOON [CUP]

crackdown on student drinking.

Administrators, shocked by the death of Shawn Reineke, have refused to issue any more liquor permits at the university for an undetermined period of time. Reineke's body was found Sept. 29 in a residence garbage bin after having been dropped seven storeys down a garbage disposal chute.

Reineke, a native of Hodgeville, Sask., was discovered in the early morning following a Sept. 28 party and

CONT. PAGE 2

## CFS faces referenda

Students at the University of British Columbia and the University of Victoria are the only post-secondary students in B.C who are not members

expand rapidly," said Pacific Region Chairperson, Tami Roberts.

"CFS will be much more effective because it will have the support of students at all of the universities and colleges in the province."

Ms. Roberts went on to say that she thought there was a good possibility that both referenda will yield a yes vote.

"We may have problems reaching quorum at UBC but other than that I don't anticipate any problems. UVic just had a by-election and all of the board members are in favour of joining."

The UBC referendum will be held on November 21, 22 and 23. The UVic referenda will be held in conjunction with the student union executive elections next March. Until then CFS will be campaigning heavily on both campuses in an effort to gain more support.

## O.P. STAFF

of the Canadian Federation of Students. This could change if a majority of students vote yes of CFS in two upcoming referenda.

Nancy Bradshaw, a Social Sciences representative at UBC, feels that UBC and UVic should join CFS.

"It will be a positive step, in that there will be more of a resource center to handle student issues."

A yes vote will give CFS a tremendous boost both financially and politically. If both student unions decide to join, approximately \$119000 will be added to the Pacific Region budget.

"The Federation will develop and

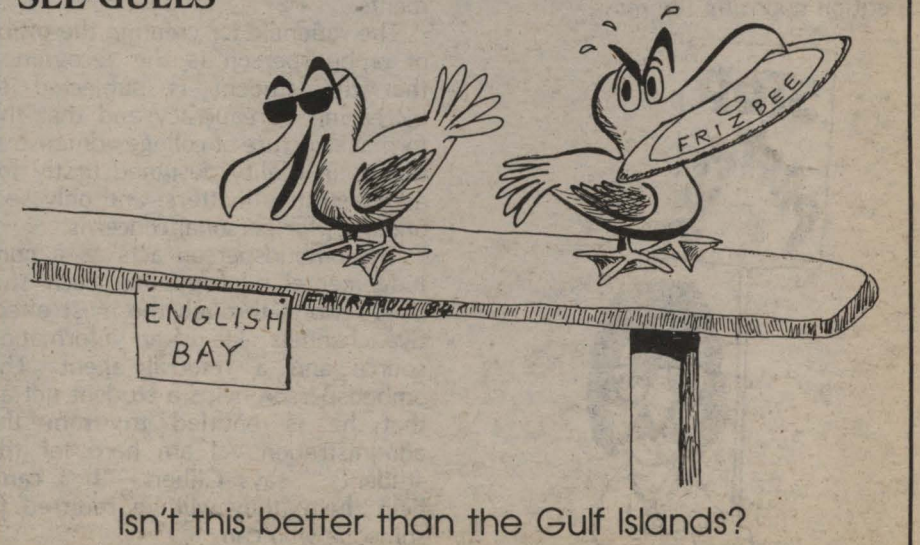


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COVER: By BRIAN BISSET

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## SEE-GULLS



Isn't this better than the Gulf Islands?



## Student dies

Cont. from p.1

garbage chute, leading police to suspect he was shoved. "These are standard garbage chutes," said Nickel. "We are amazed that someone could in fact get in there—if that is the case." He refused to elaborate.

Grabowski said although no one has been arrested yet, the charges could range from death by criminal negligence to murder.

Roland Muir, assistant to U of S administration president Leo Kristjanson, said he also suspects liquor played a part in the man's death.

"There is strong evidence that there was liquor involved in the tragic accident," he said.

Muir said no permits will be approved until the university's current policy of granting liquor licenses is reviewed. He suggested the university may change its license requirements and stiffen security.

Nickel added: "We are considering what we can do to have better control over outside people while keeping in mind that this is home to quite a few students who have rights to have outside visitors."

Ian Wagner, U of S student council vice-president, said the council plans to fight against the suspension of liquor permits. "They can't do this forever. I think this is just a quick reaction."

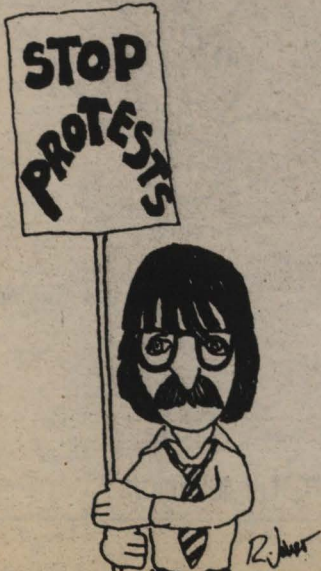
Reineke was neither a resident of the university residence in which he was found dead nor a U of S student.

He was not the only student to have died this year in circumstances where alcohol was involved. A first year student at the University of Guelph, Wouter Van Stralen, was killed by an impaired driver who was being pursued by police Sept. 16.

And 17-year-old Jeff NeMarsh drowned after he fell off a ferry into Lake Ontario Sept. 5. He was taking part in a Ryerson Polytechnical Institute frosh picnic, and police say alcohol consumption contributed to his death.

In Canada, an alcohol-related accident occurs on average every 17 minutes and results in 57 deaths each week.

At the University of B.C., housing officials are thinking of restricting the consumption of alcohol and number of parties on campus. They have already presented the proposals to the administration, but students are circulating a petition opposing the move.



## Ombudsperson elected

**Every person is entitled to fair, just and reasonable treatment from any official of Douglas College or Douglas College Student Society.**

**Officials entrusted with power must respect the rights and personal dignity of all students they deal with.**

**Ombudsperson's motto**

Students at Douglas College have entered a new era in dealing with administration and the student society.

by IAN LYON

Ken Gilbert was elected during the recent Student Society Senate elections as Douglas College's official Ombudsperson. "I personally feel after listening to complaints last semester, students need an ombudsperson to deal with these complaints," says Gilbert.

The office of Ombudsperson (literally - one who represents someone) has two main objectives:

- 1) To investigate and resolve complaints against any official of Douglas College or the Douglas College Student Society.
- 2) To identify the causes of complaints and to recommend general improvements.

The rationale for creating the office of ombudsperson is the recognition that the student is subjected to increasing bureaucracy and that the formal structure of college administration is in reality designed firstly for administrative matters, and only secondarily, for personal concerns.

The ombudsperson acts as a non-judgemental pilot guiding each student's efforts through the most effective channels. He is an information source and a referral agent. The ombudsperson helps a student get all that he is entitled to from the administration. "I am here for the students," says Gilbert. "If I can't help them, they will be referred to someone who can."

All complaints and inquiries made to the ombudsperson are completely

confidential. After the completion of the case, all records are destroyed except a record of the complaint and the recommendations.

The recommendations of the ombudsperson are not binding on any of the parties, but Gilbert feels the major power of the office is the use of reasoned persuasion.

Gilbert hopes that students will start an investigation on their own before coming to the ombudsperson, as this will speed up the investigation process.

The ombudsperson also acts as a watchdog, keeping an eye on the Student Society and other campus organizations.

### Steps involved in initiating a complaint:

- 1) Phone D.C.S.S. office for an appointment (522-6038).
- 2) Make sure you have the complaint written out before the appointment.
- 3) The complainants themselves must present the complaint to the ombudsperson. There are no third parties allowed.
- 4) Come to Room 2730A at appointed time.

### OMBUDSPERSON OFFICE HOURS

#### DOUGLAS COLLEGE — NEW WEST CAMPUS

Monday	9 a.m. - 11 a.m. alternating weeks 2:30 p.m. - 3:30 p.m.
Tuesday	No Office Hours
Wednesday	9 a.m. - 10 a.m. 6 p.m. - 8 p.m. (if required)
Thursday	12:30 p.m. - 1:30 p.m. 6 p.m. - 8 p.m.
Friday	9 a.m. - 11 a.m.

#### DOUGLAS COLLEGE - MAPLE RIDGE CAMPUS

Monday	9 a.m. - 11 a.m. alternating weeks
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## Money

**VICTORIA [CUP]**- One hundred and thirty B.C. high school students will benefit from a computer error, to the tune of \$1,000 each.

The provincial government has blamed an outside contractor for a computer programming foul-up that resulted in the student names being included on a scholarship list.

Education ministry spokesperson Dick Melville said 3800 students took the scholarship examination and 110 students were later notified by mail they qualified for a scholarship.



But the programming error switched the names of 130 unqualified students with qualified ones. When the mix-up was discovered, a corrected list was sent out, Melville said.

The 130 students who received scholarships by mistake will be allowed to keep the money.

"We're not so hard up that we'd ask them to return the money," Melville said.

He added the contractor, the Education Research Institute of B.C., will be billed for the \$130,000 mistake.

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# Student Society.....

Hi! Gordon Bryan here (student Society Vice President), bringing you an update as to what's shakin' around here, and what we, your Student

by GORD BRYAN

Society, have planned for the near future.

Our first item deals with a favorite topic of mine - Social Events. Our socials this semester are as successful as they've ever been. In case you're not familiar with, or have been too busy studying to attend one or more, here's the five W's:

- 1) Who sponsors these events--your Student Society;
- 2) Why--Because we believe that there should be a social aspect to a person's education. We give students a break on the price of a drink - \$1.25 for beer, wine or highballs. Also, we provide employment to Douglas College students as bar staff, etc.;
- 3) Where--These events are held in the upper cafeteria;
- 4) When--Once every two weeks, usually on Friday, but there are a couple to be held on Saturday, so watch for the posters;
- 5) What happens--380 people (fire regulations!), some students, some guests, gather together to drink heartily and dance 'til the cows come home! One upcoming event will be cosponsored by Brandy's (at the Spaghetti Factory) and Andres Wines, and will feature exciting prizes and more!

Note - Picture I.D. is required (bring your student card, too), and there is a limit of one guest per student. Also, if you don't like lineups, try to make it before 8:30 or so. There's no cover charge. See you soon!

Lastly, I would like to say that never before has there been the involvement and student representation on the Student Senate that we are seeing this year. I'd like to extend a warm welcome to all the new student rep.s, and to say that I look forward to a great year!

That's about all I have to say for now, except that October 24th is a province-wide Education Day of Action. Every post-secondary institution in the province will protest the provincial government's attack on education in some way. Watch for details.



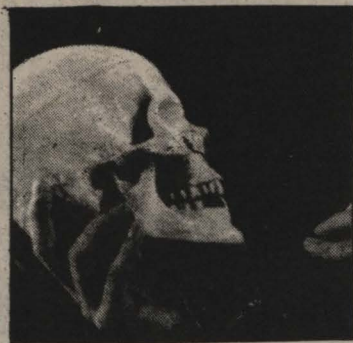
## MATTHEW OWERS BUSINESS REP.

Matthew's major concerns are student involvement, clubs and organizations. He is worried about the number of contracts on campus. Owers wishes that there was better representation, to cater to all students' needs. He hopes everyone has a great year.



## SHANNON MERRIMAN BUSINESS REP.

Shannon would like to see better facilities for typing, especially for office administration students. She adds that there are only 3 typewriters in the library for all the students at the college. Merriman feels that Douglas College should have additional clubs: she suggests a dance club. She realizes that organizing clubs takes time, and is willing to plan for future years. This is Shannon's third year at Douglas College as an office administration student.



## Maple Ridge News

With a total student population of just over three hundred, our Maple Ridge Campus may be small, but they are Douglas College students, just the same, and are treated as such.

The last six months have seen many improvements to the campus. There has been the addition of a portable classroom outside the small main building to accommodate more students, and we (the Student Society) responded to Maple Ridge Campus Representative Al Zukerman's concerns of "human comfort", by allocating funds to purchase a Microwave oven and two picnic tables to sit and eat at. We have also recently donated an electric typewriter and spare furniture to replace the existing water-damaged items. Sound like they've got it made? Not quite. There's trouble in paradise.

## Student Representatives



You may have noticed an abundance of small white round metal containers about the campus lately. No, these are NOT Porta-pottys! They are part of a unique new program initiated by your student society.

Program coordinator Debra Niessen explains:

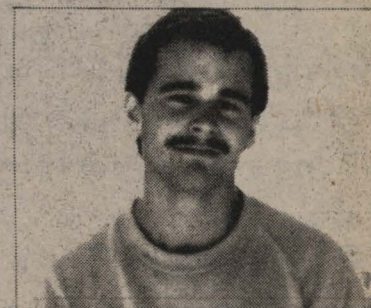
"Paper Chase has come about as an answer to a question of fund raising in relation to financial assistance to students. As we all know, educational costs are rising and social services, such as student loans and grants, have been cut or eliminated. This program will generate funds which will be added to the current Douglas College Student Trust fund, and by this we hope to increase the amount of bursaries available to students. Our estimated revenue for this year is \$5,000. So pitch in!

"By collecting and recycling the waste paper that the college would normally throw away (over 7 tons a month!), we can help students to continue their education."

See Debra Niessen at the S.S. office for more info.

## RICK WARNE BUSINESS REP.

Rick expresses a desire for more outside speakers to come to the college, mainly for business students. Warne suggests increased student involvement and school spirit. He hopes to have a good year on council and wants to accomplish something for students in a positive manner. This is Rick's second semester at Douglas. He works full time and belongs to a karate club.



## JOANNE SIMONE SOCIAL SERVICES REP.

Joanne feels that there is a lack of student involvement and representation, specifically in the physical education department. She is a second year P.E. student. Simone likes sports and plays volleyball for Douglas College.



Together again at last! Coconspirators Dr. Heckle [R] and Mr. Jive [L] plot latest devious scheme against college.



# BY-ELECTIONS

This is to officially notify ALL Douglas College Students of the upcoming Student Society elections. The elections are being held for the executive position Maple Ridge member at large.

**CANDIDATES** must be registered students at Douglas College and enrolled in at least one credit course, and have paid their fees in full. Candidates must be nominated by not less than five members in good standing registered in at least one credit course at Douglas College.

**NOMINATION** papers shall contain the name and number of the members nominated, along with the office for which the member is nominated.

**CAMPAIGNING** may commence on Friday, Oct. 12th, 1984, providing that the proper nomination papers have been filed and received in the main business office (Sherry Walker's desk) of the Douglas College Student society. Campaigning must cease at midnight on Friday, Oct. 19th, 1984.

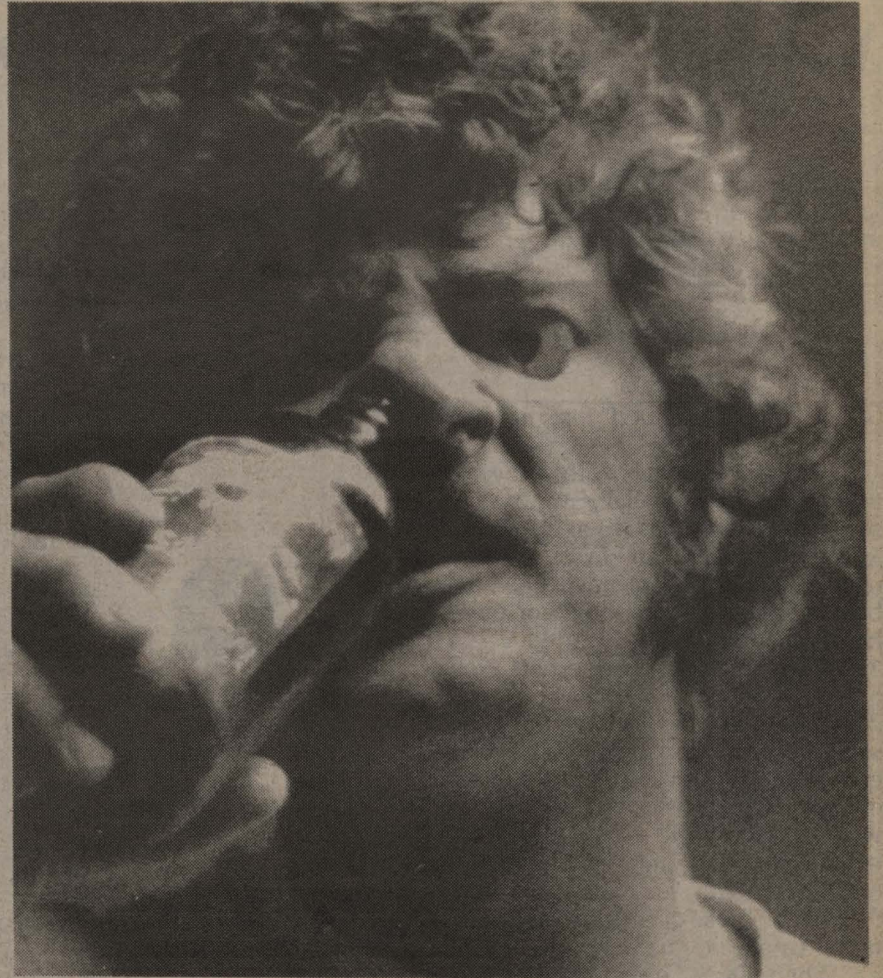
**VOTING** will be held on Monday October 22nd, 1984

**POLLING** hours - To be determined

**NOMINATIONS** close at 12 noon on Thursday October 18th, 1984



## RB's Foto Funnies



Drinking for the  
"Hard of thinking."





# Editorial

Advertising is a sneaky business. The objective, it seems, is to put one over on your customer and squeeze as many hard-earned bucks from him as

by STAN PICKTHALL

possible. This applies to almost any "selling" business, and retailers should strive to avoid the following tactics:

My personal favorite is one I call the "Photo-Session Dupe". Many photo studios have an offer where you can get a set of professional-quality photographs for \$10-\$15. The catch is that when you return to pick up the prints, the studio gets to choose which ones you take home. And, inevitably, they choose the most horrible poses imagin-

able: ones where you blinked or sneezed, or were scratching your ear. Then they present the more interesting prints, the ones that actually flatter you, and explain that for just \$29.95, you could own one of these portrait-sized beauties. You glance once again at the monsters you've already paid for, then reach for your wallet. And by the time you make it out the door, you've bought two frames, a photo album, and a \$20 gift certificate.

Another con-game I've encountered involved a no-name video store that had a special offer--3 videos and a machine: one day for just \$7.95. I thought, "What a deal!" And rushed right out there.

"What time do these movies have to be back?" I asked, clutching my three

selections.

"By midnight tomorrow."

11:43 the next evening, the same clerk tells me I owe another \$7.95--overdue charge on the machine. It seems movies are O.K. till midnight, but machines have to be returned by 4 P.M.

"You must be joking!"

He shakes his head. "I'm sorry, sir, but..."

Tell me, what the f--- am I going to do with three goddam tapes and no f---ing machine!" To say I am vehement is putting it mildly. Every head in the store turns to check out the commotion.

The clerk stammers, "I'm sorry, sir. I..."

"Get stuffed, jerkface! I'm not paying, so you can sue me!" I storm out, victorious.

They didn't have to sue me; at month's end, I found that they had deducted \$7.95 from the VISA impression I had left in lieu of \$100 deposit on the machine.

But the subtlest, and perhaps the sneakiest, of the sellers are the fast food chains, who eke an extra 80 cents from 43 percent of their customers with one quick phrase: "Would you like some fries with that?"



Dear Other Press

The last social a few nights ago which I went to turned out to be (sic) a big disappointment. As a former Krazy-Kwantlen student, I never realized that there were more snobs and more unexciting music. At the other campus, I found that the chances of getting a perfect dance partner was more like 10:1 whereas here the ratio here (sic) was 2:10. which (sic) proves that this place is boring. Even the Ubysey Walter H. Gage residence and the VGH 1st yr (sic) nurses' dances are far more exciting than this.

The D.J. was terrible. He should have been sent to the Siberian coal mines for not playing a broader variety of music. eg.(sic) The Stones, Doobie Bros. At Kwantlen the D.J.'s are cool enough to play just about anything and even at a Tsawassen (sic) Rugby dance the D.J. knew how to Rock and Rocked the place down off its foundations.

The only good thing about the Social was that the bartenders were cool enough to serve my favorites like Extra Old Stock and Molson Malt Liquor, but the place could use the "Bud", Heiniken and Miller's (sic), regardless of cost.

In all,, the social was unexciting save for the beverages, but the public has to get a D.J. who knows how to Rock the place and to bring the place down if you're going to get any excitement out of these socials. From an ex.Kwantlen student who lives by Thiessman's Law

## The Other Corner

DO YOU THINK THAT NASA IS JUSTIFIED IN RECEIVING ONE BILLION DOLLARS FROM CANADA FOR THE SPACE SHUTTLE PROGRAM?



Scott Leaf:

Sure, what the hell! Bob and Doug go space age, eh?



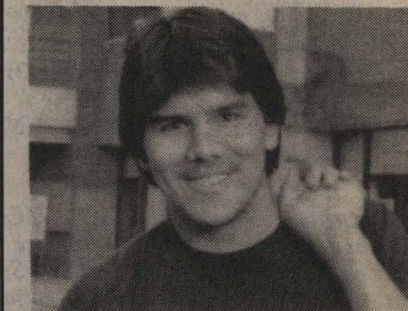
Kim Bogyo:

There are better things the money could be spent on.



Larry Bartel:

It's a good thing for Canada.



Dave Seaweed:

They should give the money to students.



Don Watt:

Sure, you can not count the advancement to our civilization from the space program in dollars alone..





# THE OTHER PRESS

*This page of The Other Press is reserved solely for the purpose of correspondence and opinion. The views expressed on this page do not necessarily reflect those of this newspaper, or the Douglas College student society or administration.*

*All letters and opinions must be typed at a 60 stroke line, triple spaced and bear the name and telephone number of the writer for reasons of verification and validity. The telephone number will not be printed and the name may not be printed if just cause is shown. Letters should be no more than 200 words in length and opinion pieces should be under 1000 words in length due to space and layout requirements.*

*We reserve the right to edit all letters and opinions for clarity and libel. Letters and opinions may be edited to size.*

*Deadline for all submissions is 4:00 P.M. the Friday before production week.*

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*The Other Press is a democratically run, autonomous student newspaper, published several times a semester [usually every two weeks] under the auspices of The Other Publications Society. Our funding comes by way of a direct student levy paid at registration time and through local and national advertising. The Other Press is a member of Canadian University Press and of the national advertising cooperative, Campus Plus.*

*The Other Press welcomes new and prospective members to come to our semi-regular staff meetings; usually held on Thursdays at 12:00 noon, story and production meetings, every alternate Monday at 4:00 P.M. All meetings take place in The Other Press newsroom in room 1602, located in the deepest, dark corners of the bottom floor.*

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Phone: 525-3542

# Dr. Cannabis

Dr. Cannabis will answer any questions on lust, drugs, booze or anything under the full moon. Just drop them off at room 1602.

Dear Dr. Cannabis

I met a girl a short while ago, and lately we've been developing a relationship. But I'm beginning to have doubts. It's nothing definite. For example, all of her classes are at night and she won't think of having any during the day. And Lilith (her name) refuses to see me during that time. She says the sun is bad for her skin. Lilith resists entering any strange buildings unless I personally invite her in (this is especially embarrassing when she has to use the women's washroom in gas stations). She's always making strange remarks. Like the time a bunch of us were discussing furniture and she said that the Royal Oak Co. on 6th Street made real comfortable beds - I checked it out, and Royal Oak is a funeral home! Once Lilith was asked why she was majoring in human anatomy and she said it got boring going after the same spot, and she wanted to learn some new areas I'm still trying to figure that statement out.

The other night we went to a fancy restaurant (after I invited her in), and she looked horrified when I suggested garlic bread to start. But that was nothing. Lilith almost went into hysterics when I asked her if she wanted a steak. To calm her down, the order was quickly changed to liver, which she accepted. Even then Lilith didn't eat much. Though I must admit, she sucked the meat dry. She does have her good points, of course. A strong girl, Lilith can take care of herself. Once she accidentally crushed a guy's hand while arm-wrestling for fun. Vanity is not one of her weaknesses. I've yet to see her look into a mirror. Her eyes are fascinating, and I can look into them for hours, unable to break away if I wanted to. In fact there are times when I wanted to but couldn't. All of her little quirks could be overlooked if not for a certain little habit of hers: Lilith loves to give me a hickey that for some reason always leaves me feeling tired and drained.

Listless



Dear Listless

Sounds like you got a gal who really thirsts for life. So her mind follows a different comet than everybody else. Big deal. Least you'll never be bored. Publicly humiliated maybe, but never bored. And how do you know Royal Oak's coffins aren't soft and pillowy? Any of the clientele complain? As for eatin', maybe the chick's on a liquid diet. To squeeze a guy's hand like a tube of toothpaste (with the cap still on, I hope) is someone I'd like to have around for my moonbuggy (the door keeps getting jammed). Over-hickeyed? Grease the spot and her molars will be slip-slidin' away. If they don't, just lie back and enjoy it. That worn out and tired feeling after each bite can't continue.

Dear Dr. Cannabis

I'm concerned for my roommate. Lately there's been some kind of strange waxy build-up in her navel. When I asked her about it she told me to mind my own business. I'm worried about her. What could it be?

Puzzled

Dear Puzzled

Hey! Nothing major to froth over. It's just that her boyfriend likes to eat by candlelight.

**Tip for the day;** Never underestimate yourself. Let the Government do it for you.



AVAILABLE ONLY ON EARTH YOU SAY...  
PITY...



# From fledgling to gelding

## HEADLINE: STUDENT PAPER DIES FROM TERMINAL APATHY

This college paper is dying. Years ago we had an ability to Report news. The kinds of news that affected the students of this college. Forwarning

by ROGER BOLEN

the people that are affected by the policy makers, the bureaucrats, the students themselves. We find ourselves in the midst of an apathetic jungle. This college does not teach journalism and there are no real journalists interested in coming here from the outside world. This college should be concerned with the students' voice, but they're not, because not enough students give a damn about their own rights. Not enough students care about the future of others.

Last summer in the final addition of the **Other Press**, the masthead proclaimed this newspaper was autistic in jest. How very horrifying to learn that it was true. This newspaper no longer deals with the needs of the student body because the students don't know or don't care what their rights are.

This newspaper is dying of introspective behaviour. It's eating itself up from within, burning itself out by writing one page of noteworthy news and composing volumes of filler. We entertain the student body to thanatoid sleep with tripe when we should be informing them, calling their fears on the carpet. We would like to tell you that everything in this college is just hunky-dory but it is certainly not. New budgets formulated by this college will raise the rates again next year, new government policies are killing education; more insane behaviour is being exhibited by the lack of government support for colleges when education should be the key to the immediate future.

I am terrified by the lack of interest exhibited by so many students. Is being a social air-head more important than taking a little time out of life to correct a problem? Perhaps it's better not to be labeled radical after all; perhaps it's better just to let things slide down to inevitable collapse.

I've presented much of this without giving concrete facts because I want the people of this college to look around for themselves. I want the people that are supposed to be here learning how to think, to tell me I'm wrong. I want to hear it from the people that matter most and not my

co-workers who are too damnably busy with the wars in some insignificant little country or the social politicians that are creating unrest. I want to hear a student say "Hey this isn't right." but most of all I want to be proven wrong. If I'm right then it's already too late.

## The Other Editorial

What is the matter with a society that emphasizes the destruction of the environment, the destruction of themselves and the destruction of others for

by IAN LYON

fun and profit? Is it that we have reached such an intellectual state that we are bored and must return to barbarism to have any fun? Or is it that we still have not risen from the primordial ooze to achieve any level of discernable intelligence?

Unfortunately it appears that the latter is the case. We allow governments to build armaments and engage in immoral clandestine activities that endanger the very existence of the globe. This is not caused by an intellectual fear of obliteration, but by a quest for power in order to feed governmental ego, at the expense of innocent people.

Although no aggressive military action can be totally justified or defended, wars between tribes over territorial indiscretions can be rationalized - but only if both tribes are at the subsistence level of existence. In other words, if they can produce only enough food to keep themselves alive and are not able to store a stockpile of

food to feed themselves during a period of drought or other such catastrophes. If a tribe or society produces enough to feed themselves, store for emergencies and still have an excess, the only reason for not sharing with tribes or societies that are unable to sustain themselves is the lust for power and greed. But, of course, without this lust for power we would not have the great imperialist empires of the world that have given the colonized peoples of the globe so many riches - slavery, poverty and famine.

When societies are able to sustain themselves, protect their borders and have a semblance of internal stability, their governments have nothing else to do, so they begin to make regressive laws. To ensure their own existence they put limits on what businesses can and cannot do, and stir up an illogical nationalistic fever, with the premise that their way of life and economic system are the only true system to follow.

Sounds like an argument for a regressive religious belief, doesn't it.

After they have brainwashed the people into the belief that they are the best, and that anyone or any country that doesn't believe in their way is the

enemy, the next step is clear - the exportation of that belief by coercion and war. But wait a minute, this idea - this nationalism - was created by a government for the preservation of itself. Why drag innocent people, who only by accident of birth, were born under that system, into their fight?

Oh, sorry. I forgot that you were lucky to be born under that system. It's your duty to protect it - or so the government tells us.

Without the unwavering support of the populace, the governmental system disintegrates. See library under Revolution. Unfortunately, most of these revolutions occur in small countries that are either economically or militarily supported by one of the Super Powers (U.S. and U.S.S.R.), therefore no real change takes place.

Are governments really necessary? With our state of technological development and interdependence that all countries of the world presently share, maybe this is the point at which we should be looking at the dissolution of all governmental systems and encourage the true fact that all peoples must band together for the survival of this planet as a sane, productive place to exist.

Punk came out in response to the generally unexciting and overproduced North American music of the mid-seventies. Poor working-class

by DAVE WATSON

kids in England began to torture guitars to provide background for shrieking lyrics about how awful and unfair everything was and advocated apathetic disregard of the bulk of society.

My parents were shocked at these loud kids and their innovative fashion sense. This is only natural. If punk didn't offend people's parents then it wasn't working. Rock was returning to its origins as loud music that the older generation hated. Those days of dropping out and ignoring the world have passed on. Punk has infiltrated the mainstream in a preppy form via artists like Billy Idol.

DOA, Vancouver's own world-class punk band and Public Image Limited (led by ex-Sex Pistol Johnny Rotten) played at U.B.C. October 14th. I went to see how they had adjusted to the

## PiL Hard To Swallow

mid-80's.

Since I was expecting a punk rock audience, I wore my Grateful Dead T-shirt, to be different, but I soon found out that I was more in-step with DOA's new brand of music than most of the crowd. DOA are in transition to a post-punk form that I'm going to call Hippie Punk.

DOA opened to a crowd that was well known to them. The usual old favourites were performed (including a great version of **Singing in the Rain**) before announcing some songs from the album they are about to record. Instead of advocating political apathy and dropping out of society, these songs have a more positive theme. They want us to "work together" and "wreck the party" that North America has become while half the world starves. I was just thinking how this attitude mirrored sixties protest music when DOA began their cover of Edwin Starr's **War**.

DOA sounds much more tight and polished than they used to. This is a

band in transition from an extinct musical subculture to a new form, certain to lose old fans and win a slightly different crowd. A highlight of their unfortunately short set was an old Leadbelly blues tune, **Midnight Special**. As Bob Dylan would say: "The times they are a changin'."

Public Image Limited (PiL) showed an artist who has changed in some ways, but not in others. Johnny Lyden changed his name back and renounced the Sex Pistol days. The set was very elaborate and well designed, resembling a spider web of rigid reinforced lines that produced squares when they met - it was certainly not a bare, no-frills stage. A fog machine completed the effect of a show business rock concert.

Lyden came out wearing what looked like a pair of pajamas I used to own. Orange hair and a skull-like grin complete the effect of an insane man. Lyden rants and raves in his own world (not unlike Ozzy Osbourne), while spastically lurching around the stage.

Other than **Bodies**, no Sex Pistols material was performed and Lyden made the break with his punk origins by telling the bobbing mass in front not to spit on him. "It's all been done before and better." He also commended the security guards.

PiL were very good in concert, but they didn't play very long. Like a spoiled child, Lyden complained about the crowd response, and instead of trying to work them up he told them that he was going to the dressing room to drink beer until they wanted him back. At this, the crowd started chanting for DOA. When PiL came back, they did a few more songs, including **This is Not a Love Song**, before leaving.

PiL was good, but Lyden's arrogance and contempt for the audience ruined the show. He certainly hasn't changed in this respect, and if he doesn't, he'll lose his following. It's hard to cheer for an encore from a guy who tells you that you're not being thankful enough for his presence.







# f a bizarre guy

mind you. I always could tell if he was speaking a heart-felt truth, but was unsure if any of these random statements were psychologically revealing.

Once he showed me a postcard with "Having a miserable life, wish it was yours" scrawled on the back. Another time, he told me that sometimes when he was alone and it was quiet, he would break the silence to say:

"I've got to stop talking to myself."

He claimed to have been born too late for his proper era.

"The Upper Paleolithic. Those were the good old days. A time of prehistoric prosperity. Lots to eat, and cave art was the big fad for 8,000 years. That's job security."

My knowledge of his past was limited. I couldn't pin his hometown down to any less of a general area than "the eastern half of the west", a cold flat land. He seemed disappointed in Vancouver's meager annual snowfall.

He told me he had been a satanist and a neo-fascist gun nut, both in grade 8. He once told me about a kid named Jeff in his grade 3 class, who drank Lepage's glue.

His father told me that the reason he had bought smoke detectors was because once he had caught 15 year old Joe smelting lead in his room at three o'clock in the morning. I didn't ask for details. Joe also told me he had applied to the CIA, but that they didn't seem to need any more junior secondary school students at the time. Occasionally he would draw an imaginary gun (either a .45 automatic or an

Israeli assault rifle), and stalk pedestrians. He said he was keeping in shape in case they needed him.

Joe's room was an abomination unto the Lord. Papers, open books, and plaster figurines of owls were piled all over every flat surface. Only a thin patch of carpet led from his bed to the door and to the walk-in closet. This very closet, in strong contrast, was immaculate.

Over seven years of back issues of **Rolling Stone** were filed in order. Five hundred records were alphabetically arranged. Four empty beer cases held several thousand index cards. All albums, artists, and songs were cross-referenced. He told me it had taken two months to complete, but that he never used it. It was just something to do, like his fondness for cost accounting.

When I asked him about the difference in orderliness, he proved he knew where everything was. Despite the mess, he could locate anything quickly, often using the Carbon 14 method to date a particular level of clutter. His whole room was arranged in some obscure master pattern I couldn't grasp.

Freud could have spent months studying the posters that lined three walls. Donald Duck was above the bed, next to the coolest picture of Bogart I have ever seen. Alfred Hitchcock was beside that, and above all three was a print of Picasso's *Guernica*. Across the room Groucho, Chico ("pronounced Chick-O"), and Harpo were flanked by two Star Trek posters, remnants from an earlier life as a trekkie. He assured me he was "all better now." On the other wall there was only one poster: Salvador Dali's *Skull of Zarabon*. It was placed so that the hidden skull could only be seen from the bed. "It gives me something to think about before I go to sleep," he said, while

refusing to make any further comment.

When Joe and I went out to eat after evening rehearsals, we always went to the same Italian restaurant.

"I haven't had a lasagna all week, and here it is, already Monday." With subtle hints like this Joe would indicate where he wanted to eat. He claimed to like the food, but I knew the real reason why he liked to go there. When you placed your order at the counter, the cashier would ask for your name so that when they called you up, it would have a personal ring. Joe thought this was tacky, and always adopted a pseudonym.

"My name is Bond. James Bond." or "Euripedes, same as the famous classical Greek playwright," or my personal favorite: "Zeus. No last name, just Zeus."

While splitting a pizza one day, he proposed we open a restaurant in an as-yet-untapped market: a dinner lounge for single-celled animals, to be called Amoeba's Tonight. I dissuaded him by pointing out that the average paramecium doesn't have a lot of spare cash after paying the rent.

Soon after this conversation, the semester ended, and Joe's family moved to Botswana. The last thing I ever received from him was a Christmas card. He must have had access to a good darkroom, because he made the card himself. On the cover was a photo of himself, overlaid with a dotted pattern that made the picture resemble a blow-up newspaper photo. The shot was black and white, except for the large bow tie he was wearing, which was dyed bright orange. Across the bottom, in lower case lettering was the message: "merry christmas from me".

I opened the card, and written inside it was the following note: "glxet blxto splud gsoyylfy argtop vlimmex."

*Dail Bata*

GRAPHIX BY DWAYNE





# BRUUUUUCE! - Two rave reviews

Rock critic Dave Marsh once called Bruce Springsteen "the future of rock and roll." That was in 1975, the year Bruce made the covers of *Time* and

by DAVE WATSON

*Newsweek* in the same week. Meanwhile, back on the prairies, a grade 7 student began to hear *Born To Run* on the radio. He promised himself that one day he would move to Vancouver to see Bruce in concert October 15th at the Coliseum. He moved here five years ago to make sure he got a good place in the ticket line. Well, I was that student, and I would just like to gloat about my seats. Ninth row on the floor. End of gloat.

One guy offered me \$175 for one ticket. Mom and Dad, who don't understand "this rock and roll nonsense anyway," wondered why anyone would pay so much money for a ticket. I tried to explain that Bruce is one of the last true rockers, seeming to play as much for personal enjoyment as for money. Some of his concerts have lasted six hours, with four hours the average for this tour.

His songs tell of dark and decaying urban life, lost dreams and broken promises. The lyrics are often poetic, providing vignettes of characters who still harbor a spark of hope for something better. These stories are backed by the six piece E Street Band, playing a distinctly East coast theatrical brand of rock.

My parents didn't seem impressed, but I remained determined to see what was reputed to be the best show in American popular music today.

The crowd circulating through the concourse could be divided into two main identifiable groups:

- 1) Old time rock or Springsteen fans;
- 2) Preppy girls.

Rock videos have created a new audience for Bruce, most of whom have never heard of his epic mid and late 70's albums. As a nine year fan, I am shocked and appalled at this influx of triflers. Perhaps a simple Bruce-quotient test could be instituted to weed out the poseurs - something like: "Recite the lyrics to *Darkness on the Edge of Town*. Not the song, the whole album."

On the other hand, a good exposure to some real music might lure a few away from the synthesizer bop performed by bands whose talent is overshadowed by the skills of their hairstylists.

Whatever the motives of individuals were, the crowds as a whole exhibited one of the highest levels of excited anticipation I have ever seen - always a good omen for a successful show.

The stage was very well designed for all around viewing. Almost all of the speakers were arranged around the light racks, thirty feet above the stage. Several guitars were placed on the stage around a very small drum set.

I ran into a few people I knew, and managed to get in some last minute boasting about my great ninth row seat before the show began just after 8:00.

*Born in the USA* was the opening

number. The usual rushing of the stage occurred and we managed to improve our position substantially by moving to the seats the rushers vacated.

Out of concern for the people packed against the stage, Bruce stopped the show after the third song (*Tenth Avenue Freezeout*) to let the security guards disperse the mob.

The concert continued, interrupted only by a short break, which the audience needed as much as the band. By that time we had already seen the equivalent of an ordinary concert. For a band to come out and perform for another two hours is almost unheard of.

If you like Bruce's new album - I do, but not as much as some of his earlier stuff - then you were in luck Monday night. He did almost all of *Born in the USA*. In fact, he did a lot off his last five albums. The first two were unfortunately not as well represented.

Believe everything you've heard about a Bruce Springsteen concert; the length, the intensity, the emotion, and the fun he has on stage. It's all true.

by SEAN SCHONFELD

The concert was publicized to death by various media (like, as if they needed to boost ticket sales), and recent articles on Springsteen sparked, for some, a renewed interest in what he has done and what could be expected of him on Monday. He didn't let anyone down, and true to form, as they say, ROCKED the place.

He didn't let it get out of hand, though. He stopped after three songs and waited until everyone in the front moved back to their seats. No tension,

His first album, *Greetings From Ashbury Park, N.J.* (which kept Manfred Mann going long after they stopped covering Bob Dylan) wasn't touched upon at all. *The Wild, The Innocent and The E Street Shuffle* donated *Rosalita* - 15 minutes long with a pause in the middle to introduce the band members. Fans of the *Born to Run* album were treated with *Thunder Road, Jungleland* and as an encore, the title song. And that's not all.

Included in the admission price were *Prove It All Night, Badlands* and *The Promised Land* from *Darkness On the Edge of Town*. *Out in the Street* was the best effort from *The River*, despite the massive singalong on *Hungry Heart*. *Nebraska* furnished several lower key numbers that held the audience in rapt attention. Not many artists can lead a crowd up, down, around and through hoops like Bruce can. The crowd listens to, and respects Springsteen. When he told them to

keep back from the stage, they did. The respect is likely due to his love for and performance of pure rock.

All the band was great, especially Nils Lofgren and Clarence Clemmons. Max Weinberg, the drummer, seems tireless as he thumps on the few drums he utilizes.

Except for The Who, I have never seen a band work a crowd to such a fever pitch. They don't need to use special effects, and play on a bare stage, giving lots of attention to the seats behind it.

When the audience was illuminated throughout the last half of the show, you could look around to see everyone standing up and dancing.

My only regret was the omission of several personal favorites: *Spirit in the Night, Candy's Room, Darkness on the Edge of Town*, and especially *Backstreets*. Still I have no right to complain, I got my money's worth and considerably more.

## Springsteen: One Of A Kind

no problems. Usually, floor seats are chaotic, and one would have thought that this show would be particularly crazy. But it wasn't; the folks in front went back to their seats. Someone let off a firecracker, and he said: "and when you find that guy, throw him out of the building." He doesn't like to put up with that shit.

The music got underway again, and Springsteen and his band gave us one of those three hour shows. There were people dancing everywhere, like at a Dead concert - just like a big party. Springsteen, looking like he just got off his Harley, was having as good a time as any.

As anticipated through the wonders of M.T.V., during *Dancing in the Dark* he grabbed a very reluctant girl

from the front row, and they danced. And he picked her up, and he kissed her, and then put her back. I guess she melted in her seat. He played preacher for a while, recognizing his "competition next door" with a satirically religious intro to *Pink Cadillac*. He sang to the people beside him (behind-the-stage reds went for \$100 each), and received more audience participation and emotion than I've ever seen in a concert. We called him back for two encores, and so finally got to hear *Born to Run*, as well as some 60's R&R like *Devil with the Blue Dress, C.C. Rider*, and *Twist and Shout* like you've never heard it before. Bruce Springsteen is working class rock and roll from the heart, and his was the best show I've seen.

## Dave Watson wrote this Bowie Review

I was in A and B Sound to pick up several albums advertised for \$3.99 (James Brown, The Velvet Underground, Small Face, etc.). Suddenly a bizarre and colourful album cover drew me to the new releases rack. There it was, *Tonight*, the latest work from the man who brought us Ziggy Stardust and the Thin White Duke: David Bowie. I bought it figuring I could listen to it a couple of times and review it for the last issue of the O.P. Over the next two days I listened to it five times, but didn't write it up. I couldn't decide if I liked it or not. I didn't dislike the album, but instead found it uninvolved. I put it away for a week and then listened to it several more times, while studying the words (The lyrics are included with the cassette, but you have to supply your own magnifying glass.). Many of Bowie's albums are arranged around a theme. To me, *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust* is one long song. Well, this album isn't like that and must be reviewed song by song. All numerical ratings are out of 5.

*Loving the Alien*, an anti-religion song, would fit right in on *Let's Dance*. It even has the same bass run as the

title song. This is one of only two songs on the album written by Bowie. It took me about 8 plays for me to feel anything more than indifference for this one, but I like it a bit now. The closing guitar solo by Carlos Alomar is the best part of this song. I give it a 3.

*Don't Look Down* is a good white reggae romp from a 1977 Iggy Pop album co-written with Bowie. Has a light jazzy sound, like Steely Dan, but a cooler, slow jazz; less mathematically precise. I liked this one from the beginning. 4 out of 5.

*God Only Knows*. Surprise! An old Beach Boys' tune (and one of my favorites too). The loss of the harmonizing vocals and upbeat melody definitely affects the song. The vocals and musical arrangement are a little too overproduced, like second-rate Frank Sinatra. I give it 2.5, more for the taste demonstrated in choosing it, rather than in producing it.

*Tonight*. You have to listen hard to hear Tina Turner in this one - she's almost inaudibly mixed into the back. Another old Bowie/Pop tune. A bit too slow and dull for me. Certainly didn't deserve to be the title song. (1)

*Neighbourhood Threat*. Another late

seventies selection written for Iggy Pop. Great guitar, very sinister. (3.5)

*Blue Jean*. The other song Bowie wrote. This one leaves me indifferent. I hope the full 22 minute video is more interesting. (2)

*Tumble and Twirl*. Bowie/Pop again, but written this year about their vacation in Bali and Java. It took 10 plays for me to appreciate it. (3)

*I Keep Forgetting*. An old Leiber/Stroller song that has been done better. (3)

*Dancing With The Big Boys*. Written this year by you know who and his best friend Iggy, but Carlos Alomar also helped. Good plan to put this at the end of the album because it's one of the best songs. Very strong beat. Reminds me of material on 1980's *Scary Monsters*. (4)

Well, it took some effort, but I got to like most of the album. As a whole it isn't initially involving, probably because the album is an eclectic mixture of songs without a central theme. (Doesn't this guy write anymore?) If you really like Bowie, it's probably worth the money for the best songs, as for the others, none are worse than bearable.



# Dial -A -Deviant

Hello, Robert. My name is Nancy. I called a few days ago about some work I want done."

She had phoned me three days ear-

by Robert Mckenzie  
reprinted from the Charlatan

lier, in response to a 'Job Wanted' ad I had placed in **The (Ottawa) Citizen**. The ad read: "University student willing to do yard work. Robert, 727-XXXX."

She had offered me a job paying \$40 an hour: she wanted me to be her 'chauffeur.' She said she would call back, and now she had.

"Would you like me to tell you a bit about myself?" she said sweetly.

"Well, uhh, jeez," I mumbled.

"I'm 23. I have long blonde hair and a size 40 bust. I used to live in California. Then I was a stripper in Montreal. I'm substantially well off, and I'm used to being spoiled."

She paused, and then asked, "What do you think of my description, Robert?"

"Well, I guess I can't argue with it."

"I can't blame you. Tell me about yourself," she purred (she was trying to sound sultry).

"Uhhh...I'm studying journalism at Carleton... Carleton University." I was nervous - this lady was pretty weird. But she hadn't peaked yet.

"Do you know what I like about Ottawa, Robert?" I didn't want to guess. "I like it when men in Ottawa wear really tight shorts in the summertime. That really turns me on. Do you do that Robert?"

count the one who doesn't say anything, but calls several times a day to not say it) in six days. Or 1.33 deviants per day.

Deviant Caller Number One dialed my number just hours after my ad first appeared in **The Citizen**.

"Hello, Robert? I'm calling about your ad in **The Citizen**," said a man who sounded 25.

"Yes," I replied eagerly. Maybe this would be my first customer!

"What kind of yardwork do you do?" he asked.

"Oh, mowing lawns, garden work, painting, anything really." I shouldn't have said 'anything'.

"Well, this really doesn't have much to do with yardwork," he said.

"Are you interested in some swinging?"

"Whaddaya mean?" I asked.

"How would you like to sleep with me and my wife? She likes getting it from two guys at once?"

There was a pause of three or four seconds. "Don't you think it's sorta unusual to hire someone for a menage-a-trois over the phone?" I said. "I mean, for all you know I could be a real pig."

"We're willing to take our chances," he replied. Some people just aren't very discriminating.

"Do you want to know what my wife looks like?" he continued. I wasn't particularly interested, but he told me anyways.

"She's 23, wavy brown hair, and her figure is 35-24-36," he said. If she looks anything like that, I wondered, why do they need to resort to the classified ads to find a bedmate?

"So are you interested?" he asked.

"Well, I'm trying to stick to yardwork for now. Call me back next week."

I treated that first call lightly. But after a few days these deviants became a real nuisance. Particularly bothersome were the homosexuals, who were behind a majority of the calls.

One young guy asked me if I was interested in doing some yardwork in Rockcliffe. That was okay by me. Then he asked me where I went to school. I told him.

"A brainy boy", he giggled. "Oh boy, a brainy boy." Jesus Christ, I thought to myself, here we go again.

He said he was a student at Ottawa U. I asked him what he was studying. This stumped him.

"Ahhh...Arts," he said - a daring and ingenious lie.

Then he started to describe himself. "I work in construction," he said,

"and like, you can count the ripples on my stomach. You can count 'em." (I've come to the conclusion that deviants get some sort of kick out of self description. Pervert Pride, I guess you would call it.)

He asked me if I wanted to know more about him; I didn't. End of conversation.

Other homosexual callers were more direct.

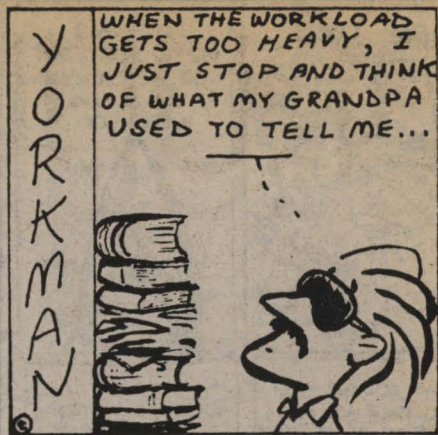
"What kind of yardwork do you do?" one young-sounding male asked. I told him.

And what does he say next: "So would a waterbed be okay?" So long.

What does this tell you about Ottawa?

Perhaps I've inadvertently cracked the code of some secret society - perhaps the 'jobs wanted' ads in **The Citizen** are a front for Dial-A-Deviant. But I doubt it.

There's only one thing I'm grateful for in this whole mess: I could have placed my ad in the **Toronto Sun**.



"WHEN THE WALLS FALL DOWN ALL AROUND YOU, YOU ARE LEFT WITHOUT SUPPORTS..."



"BUT YOU CAN SEE A LOT FURTHER!"



Graphic/The Picaro

## RIGHTS: where to find them and how to enforce them.

Women's life patterns are changing. The number of women entering post secondary educational institutions and the paid labour force is increasing. This means that the needs of women are changing and special needs are emerging which must be addressed.

Because women constitute more than 62 percent of the total college enrollment, it is vital that the college respond in a positive manner to the needs and concerns of that population. The Women's Center is a place where women can meet other women, talk, read, browse through materials, or just relax. Any contributions to the resource center (articles, research papers, etc.) are welcome and appreciated. Watch for posters and flyers outlining activities and feel free to bring your suggestions for events or materials to the center.

The Women's Center:

- 1) Assists female students in exploring educational and career opportunities.
- 2) Coordinates a variety of on-campus programs and activities for women.
- 3) Provides materials relevant to women's issues, including a library and resource files.

4) Provides female students with appropriate contacts within the college as well as in the community.

5) Provides encouragement to female students in all areas.

6) Assists the college to respond in a positive way to the changing needs of female students.

### WOMEN'S SUPPORT GROUPS AND ASSOCIATIONS

B.C. Federation of Women, P.O. Box 24687 Station C, Vancouver. This is an umbrella group formed to draw together the strengths of the women's movement throughout British Columbia.

### CANADIAN ADVISORY COUNCIL ON THE STATUS OF WOMEN

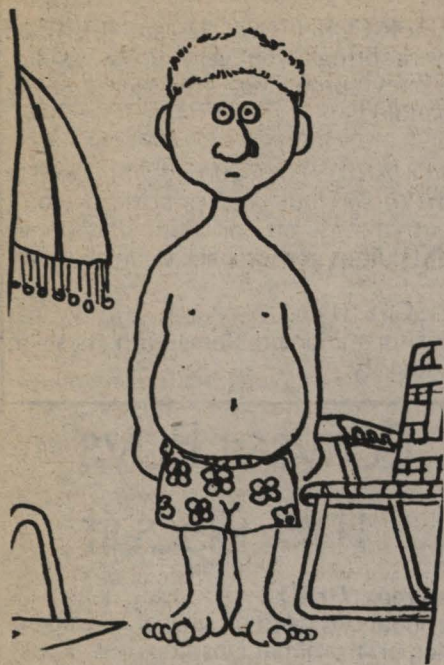
Western Regional Office: 1800 - 1055 West Georgia St., P.O. Box 11144, Vancouver, V6E 3P3. Phone 666-1174. This is a government appointed group which acts as an advisory panel to the government on issues that concern women.

### WOMEN IN TRADES ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

400A West 5th Avenue, Vancouver, V5Y 1J8. Phone 876-0922. This association offers support and counselling for women who are working, or interested in working, in trades. Seminars, workshops and general information are provided, as well as referral access to trades training.

### WOMEN AGAINST VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN

204-636 West Broadway, Vancouver V5Z 1G2. Phone crisis: 875-6011. Phone business: 875-1328. This crisis intervention center operates a 24-hour crisis line offering information, support, counselling and referral to victims of rape or sexual violence. Also provided is a public education forum through speaking engagements and liaisons with community and professional groups and institutions. Confidential service is offered by the staff and trained volunteers.



"Well, this is my first summer in Ottawa, so I really haven't had much of a chance yet," I explained.

She wasn't fazed. Hell, I could have told her I was a psychotic leper, or even a member of the Rotary Club, and I doubt she would have been fazed one iota.

"Know what, Robert? I'm getting real horny right now. Are you, Robert?"

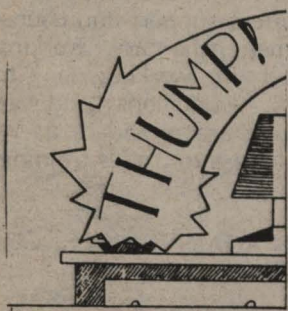
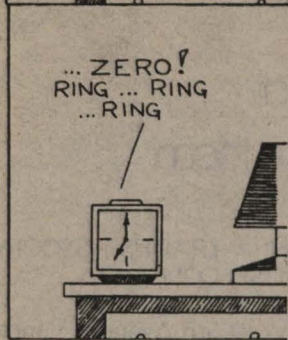
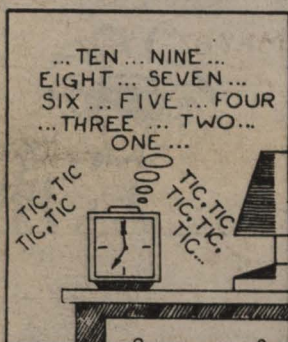
I was so startled that I couldn't help but laugh. "I don't normally get off over the phone, no," I said just before hanging up.

Nancy wasn't the first deviant to respond to my classified ad. She was the eighth. Eight deviants (nine if you





## Underfoot



# The Sagging Saga

Soon to be a new NBC Mini-series!

(Fade In...) Gasp. "What happened to Roger?" exclaimed Mark Tener.

"When the Eludium 33 Expanding Space Modulator blew up," said V.J. rubbing one pointy ear, "the resulting explosion blew him through the polar field of the Van de Graaf generator. I would surmise that he has been transformed into a salami sandwich with mustard or blown into a different dimension."

"Blech," said Dave Watson as he choked on his Kaiser bun.

"It's okay," replied Victor, "that's from the cafeteria."

"Double Blech," wretched Dave as he keeled over behind the typesetter.

"Then where is he?" asked Al Snider.

"In another Dimension obviously, you laser breath," said Victor.

"Which Dimension?" asked Bruce Henderson.

"Speaking of Dimensions, that reminds me of a joke," said Larry.

"Oh, shut up," said Dr. Bisset, "we haven't got time for foolishness. We only have 12 hours, there's a pubnite tonight and Roger owes me ten bucks."

"This calls for a medium!" interjected Pat O'Doherty.

"No, I'd say an extra large," replied Larry.

"Shut up Larry!" Ken Page, Stan Pickthall, Caroline Hardon and Sandra McMillan chorused, with Rhonda Jeschke, Jane Muskens and Dave Stallard singing backup harmonies.

"Oh, gross," said Dave Watson.

"What is it?" queried V.J.

"That wasn't bologna in my sandwich," replied Dave, "it was flakes of Dan Hilborn."

"That's last week," said Dr. Bisset.

"Hey, who's going to be the medium?" asked Dwayne Sutherland.

"Use Wonder Kitty," suggested Kathy Nichols.

"Oh shit," thought Wonder Kitty as he slid out the door.

"There goes our medium," said Jean Joyce.

"Looked like a petite to me," said Larry.

"Shut up, Larry," screamed the whole office.

"I'm afraid we'll need massive telekinetic energy to transverse the psychotic plane and free Roger," said Victor.

"Why don't we just leave him," suggested Donna.

"I want my money," whined Dr. Bisset.

"Okay, okay, let's stop bickering," said V.J. "We're going to have to bring in the agents of social change."

"You mean the CUPoids," murmured Stewart reverently.

"Yes. I happen to know the CUPoids are convening at the University of Alberta at this very moment."

"We must prepare to journey across the mountain range!" exclaimed Joel Hagen. "Quickly, get the mules ready, load the packs. Where's my trail mix? Where's the guide? Where's..."

"Hey listen, Durango. Why don't you just take the plane?" interrupted Stewart Woolverton.

"Oh, yeah. Never thought of that," said Joel as he wiped the mule dung off of his hiking boots.

"Hey, wanna get that ass out of the office?" said Pat.

"I resent that," said Larry. "I meant the Other Ass," replied Pat.

"You better take someone with you Joel," said V.J. "It will be a dangerous mission, life threatening with many unknowns; you may not come back alive or whole. If there is one among you who has the courage to fulfill this task, take one step forward."

Suddenly Norah Holtby found herself in the midst of a vacant office.

"Congrats," said V.J. "You're our man. I mean woman."

"Do I at least get a last meal?" asked Norah sadly.

"Want a bite of my sandwich?" offered Dave, crawling out from under the typesetter.

"Gee, thanks," replied Norah.

Holey man Omar Shariff Mohammed performed the blessing ritual for Joel and Norah. Bowing to the East, they intoned the sacred litany:

"We are CUPoids  
We are the agents of Social Change  
We transverse any plane or void  
An unjust world to rearrange."

And with that they departed for the land of the Butter Dome.

"We can't just sit here," exclaimed Ian Lyon. "We've got to do something."

"Damned right," said Dr. Bisset. "I want my money."

"What's that funny smell?" remarked Donna.

"Look!" exclaimed Kathy.

"Slime."

"I resent that," said Larry.

"No, green slime. It's coming out of the wall."

"Hot Damn," said Omar the Holey man.

"It's Roger, he's trying to communicate," said Donna.

Suddenly the shadow of a ragged denim jacket darted around the room crying "Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!"

"Why me!" moaned Donna.

"He's too weak," shouted V.J. "Someone's got to go in after him!"

Ross Kelleway grabbed some 1 point line tape and threw it into the now gaping hole that had formed in the wall. He dug his mighty clay foot into the floor and began pulling on the line.

"Look out," screamed Ian, grabbing onto the line tape just as Ross was about to tumble into the void. "We need more muscle. Quick, bring on the mule."

Brian came out of the darkroom, with a wide grin on his face, leading the mule.

V.J. and Donna harnessed the mule up to the line tape. Everyone strained with all their might, but in vain. The mule tripped and fell into the flaming void.

"Oh God!" cried V.J. as the void closed over. "We lost him."

Everyone sat down on the floor.

"I've lost my money," sobbed Brian.

Suddenly the office shook and the mule came charging through the falling plaster with Roger hanging on for dear life.

"Look at that hole," screamed Donna. "Administration is going to shit when they see that."

"Look at it this way," said Larry, "we sent in one ass and got back two."

# OTHER HOROSCOPES

by CYNTHIA KILT

**ARIES** (March 21-April 19): Concern for partners - good time for working with others on group projects.

**TAURUS** (April 20-May 20): Watch for extra costs - don't spend foolishly. Time of hard work with minor obstacles appearing that can easily be resolved.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 20): It's a good time for researching any areas of concern. Friends will be helpful. Good time to socialize.

**CANCER** (June 21-July 22): A week of introspection - try to set goals and begin working towards them.

**LEO** (July 23-Aug. 22): Some family concerns may occur that make daily work difficult.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): Things are starting to come together. But watch out that you don't overdo it celebrating.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): It's a time for self-improvement, other opinions should be given some consideration, particularly your family.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): It's a time for hard work - defining objectives and enacting plans for the future.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Concern with finances can be resolved. Time for relaxation.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): Hard work brings you very good results. Money problems are more easily handled.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): Time to try to sort out your priorities - don't put things off or you may have difficulties getting back to finish them.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19-March 20): Watch out for minor problems with those in authority.

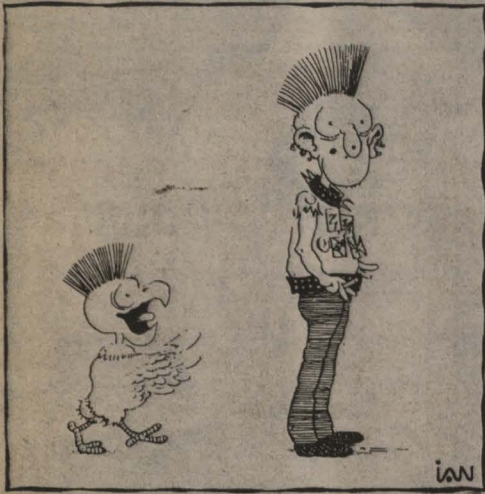
## Bowser Buys The Biscuit

**Dacron, OHIO** - A local dog was pronounced dead on arrival at Dacron Memorial Animal Hospital last Tuesday. The apparent cause of death, according to the owner of the dog, was an overdose of "at least two pounds of chocolate chips". A coroner's jury is expected to reach an official verdict before the end of the week.



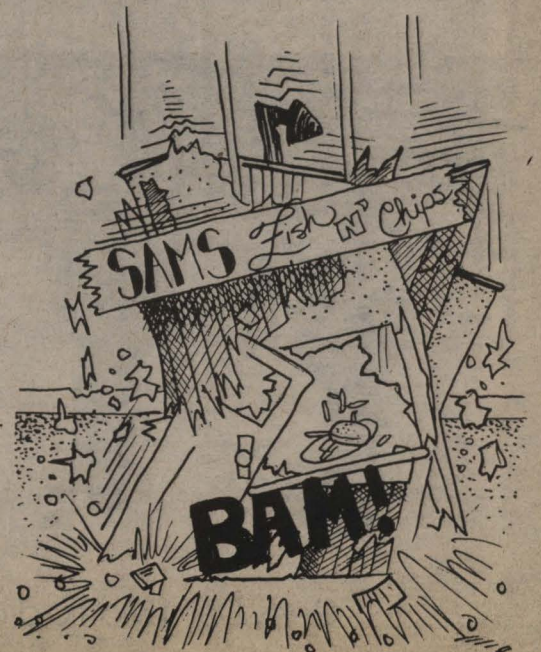
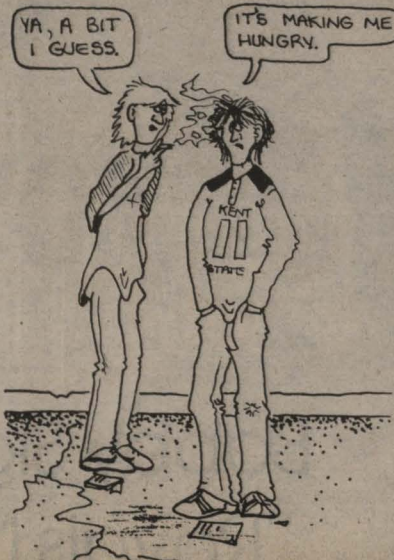
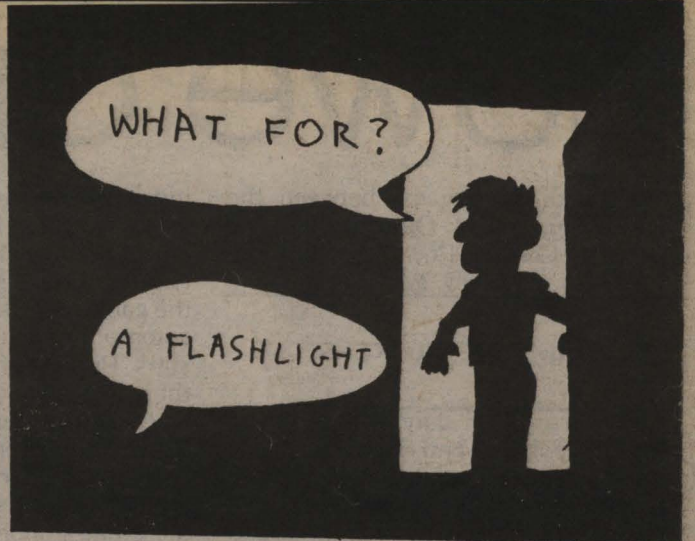


Other Funnies



DADDY!!!

Graphic Gateway





# Howe and Hull Visit D.C.

The exhibition game between the Vancouver Canuck Oldtimers and the Douglas College Royals on October 15th was a hockey game that I will

by JANE MUSKENS

never forget. Not only did we get to see Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull play along-side the Douglas College Royals, we were also able to see other well known hockey players, such as Orland Kurtenbach, Chris Oddleifson, Rick Blight and Gary Bromley. Not to mention Paul Shmyr and Gary Monahan, who accompanied the two hockey legends on the college team.

It was a tight, yet extremely enjoyable game as the Vancouver Canuck Oldtimers defeated the Douglas College Royals by a score of 8 to 7. Gordie Howe was the individual star of the game, scoring three goals, while Bobby Hull scored once during the evening. Alex Sullivan was the only player to score from the regular line up of the Royals. High scorers for the Canucks were Milan Marcetta and Stu Ostlund, each with two goals. It was evident that the atmosphere on the ice was relaxed, and that each team was not only having great fun, but in turn also displayed great skill and sportsmanship.

The Douglas College hockey team had staged this exhibition game in order to raise money for their upcom-

ing season. They had hoped for a larger turnout, but even though the crowd was small, the fans were not lacking in enthusiasm. In fact, prior to the game many fans were lining up for autographs from the two great hockey stars. But one of the real highlights of the game came after the third period when Bobby Hull's stick and Gordie Howe's shirt were auctioned off to the crowd in an effort to raise more money for the Royals. The stick went for a mere one hundred dollars, while the shirt received more response and went for three hundred.

Don Johannsan, captain of the Royals, quoted the game as "a memorable experience, something I'll never forget." His teammate, Rob Angus viewed the game as being "Really low keyed." Apparently there was a lot of joking around between the college players and the guest stars who accompanied them on the ice.

As for the future of the Douglas College Royals, Alan Lucier, now in his second year with the club, expects the team to do a lot better than last year. "Our players are better," he stated. "They can shoot better and they can skate better."

Hopefully this year's new coach, Merv Bodnarchuck, with the support of his team, will be able to lead the Royals into the finals. For the upcoming hockey season which starts next month, fans should expect to see some great hockey games.



Bobby auctions the shirt right off Gordie's back.

Leroy Smith and friend smile with their \$300 prize



Gordie muscled past two Oldtimers



Gerry Della Mattia drops the puck



Bobby Signals  
"Royals No.1"



# An Event Worth Remembering

For devoted hockey fans, it was the social event of the year. How often can a fan luncheon with Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe, not to mention Paul Shmyr and Gary Monahan? Betty Lou Hayes, athletic coordinator of the college, and Merv Bodnarchuk, coach of the college's hockey team, hosted this memorable event in the lower cafeteria Monday afternoon, prior to the exhibition game scheduled that evening. Those present at the luncheon honouring the two hockey legends included the entire Royals hockey club, some of the administrators of the college, Jesse Sedhu, student society president, and a number of prominent figures in the community.

The two main speakers at the luncheon were, of course, Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe. Bobby Hull became

the life of the party, as soon as he began telling jokes about Rocket Richard, his ex-wife, and his life in hockey. Later on, Gordie Howe delivered a heart-warming speech on his involvement with the Special Olympics, while Gary Monahan quoted himself as one of the "most average players ever in the N.H.L." Even our college president, Bill Day, enlightened the crowd with memories of his childhood hockey career.

The most positive aspect of this entire event was the media coverage it received. John McKeachie of B.C.T.V. was on hand, as well as other sports media personnel. All in all, the event was well organized, and for those involved, it turned out to be an enjoyable afternoon.



Left to Right: Paul Shmyr, Gary Monahan,  
Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull

## Douglas College

### Men's Soccer Team

P.S. -  
THE GOOD  
GUYS WON 4-2  
ON TUES.!!

Fri. Oct 19	against Trinity Western
1:00 p.m.	Sapperton Park
Sat. Oct. 27	against Capilano
1:00 p.m.	Sapperton Park
Sun. Oct 28	against Capilano
1:00 p.m.	Capilano College

Come and Support our Team

## Douglas Wins Silver in Golf

The Douglas College golf team travelled to Kamloops on the weekend to compete in the 1984 Totem Conference golf championships. Each participating college had four players, with the best three scores being counted each day on Saturday and Sunday for the team championship.

After Saturday's round (played in a howling hurricane), Douglas trailed Malaspina College by the narrow margin of two strokes.

Weather conditions were perfect on Sunday, and the Douglas contingent was confident they would overtake Malaspina. However, after all the putts were sunk on Sunday, Malaspina emerged as gold medalists, with Douglas taking the silver three strokes back.

The coach's division of the tournament was won by Lorne Rockwell of Fraser Valley College, with a 36 hole score of 160. Douglas coach Gert Van Niekerk was second at 161.

The tournament was played on the heavily bunkered Rivershore Golf and Country Club. The course was in excellent shape and tournament director Pat O'Brien of Cariboo College did a fine job of hosting the event. A very congenial and pleasant atmosphere prevailed amongst all the

golfers and coaches, especially at the spaghetti feast on Saturday evening when Douglas' Chris Klován dominated proceedings with his humorous antics.

A special feature of the tournament was the presence of Mount Royal College from Calgary and the University of British Columbia teams as special invited guests. The U.B.C. team actually emerged overall winner three strokes ahead of Malaspina, but not being a member of the Totem Conference, did not qualify for any medals. The Scores were as follows:

TEAM SCORES	
Malaspina College	485 - Gold
Douglas College	488 - Silver
Capilano College	489 - Bronze
Selkirk College	497
Cariboo College	501
Fraser Valley College	511
Malaspina College 'b'	563
U.B.C.	482
Mount Royal College	510

DOUGLAS SCORES	
Chris Klován	81-78-159
Les Somogyi	78-84-162
Dave Hardy	84-83-167
Pierre Collette	85-85-170
Gert Van Niekerk	78-83-161

## Sports Bulletin Board

### Revised

### Slow Stretch Schedule

Mon. 12:10 to 12:40

Tues. 4:40 to 5:20

Thurs. 12:10 to 12:40

and 4:40 to 5:20

## Basketball Tournament

Fri. Oct. 26 and Sat. Oct. 27

Featuring the Douglas College Royals  
against:

Fraser Valley College

Vancouver Merelomas

and the University of Victoria

First game Fri. 6:30 p.m.

All games are being

held in the

Douglas College Gymnasium.



On a five year mission to seek out new life,  
new worlds, to boldly go where no man has



...an Other Press Pub Night.

Saturday, October 27th at 7 p.m.

Special Wares from Special Sponsors



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Andre's  
Wines Ltd.

